Tables Turned

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Tables Turned

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Summary

When Will turns a gun on him, Hannibal goes into heat. Will decides to toy with him before giving him what he wants.

Notes

Don't mind me, just shamelessly pulling out an old WIP to finally finish for the Sintember prompt: the tables have turned.

It had been a very long drive, with the scent of fever-sweet encephalitis hanging heavy in the air. Will had slept for part of it—exhausted both physically and emotionally, riddled with illness, and apparently still holding enough trust for Hannibal that his body consented to sleep in his presence. Hannibal, on the other hand, remained very much awake and alert the entire way. He was consumed with the thought of what may happen when they arrived, for he had agreed to help, but Will sought answers that were dangerous.

It was hard to predict if Will was in any condition to reach the truth, if his intuition would win out over his illness. And though Hannibal had set things in motion so that Will would be arrested and locked safely behind bars, he had not entirely abandoned hope that Will might see things from the perspective Hannibal wanted him to have—to see his potential, as Hannibal had, and to accept it.

When they arrived, it took some effort to rouse the alpha, and he was disoriented. As they walked through the moonlight to the Hobbs residence, he saw the sheen of sweat on Will's brow, despite the frosty weather and cool temperature of the car.

Will was distant as they walked through the dark house. He didn't reach for the lights, instead slinking through the dark corridors like a nocturnal creature. Hannibal followed in his sure footsteps and wondered how often Will had wandered these rooms in his dreams when his subconscious was muddling the distinctions between himself and Garrett Jacob Hobbs. Perhaps his eidetic memory had been put to use on the layout of this house when they were last here with Abigail.

Will paused in the living room. "Are we going to reenact the crime?" he asked, with enough bite to his words that Hannibal wondered if all the necessary components for understanding were already present.

"If it would help you," he said simply, and Will turned away without an answer.

In the kitchen Will paused again, surveying the scene. Moonlight shone bright through the windows, illuminating blackish bloodstains on the floor and wall. It recalled the very first time they had been here, when Abigail's arterial blood was still bright red and joined by that of her father. The parallel was striking. Neither time had resulted in Abigail's actual death, but Will didn't know that.

"It's as if Abigail was supposed to die in this kitchen," Hannibal said solemnly. "Her father's death didn't change that."

Underneath his words lay a small nudge—that Hobbs carried on through Will, that Will's inability to exorcise what was left of him had doomed them to this ending.

Will stared so intently at the stain that Hannibal wasn't sure he had heard.

"Her throat was cut," Will said, voice nearly as steady as if he was analyzing any crime scene. "She lost great gouts of blood, and there's an unmistakable arterial spray…"

His words faded to silence.

“They haven’t found her body,” Hannibal said quietly.

“Just the one piece.”

Hannibal watched him carefully. His heart was generally a steady thing, whether conducting his daily business or tearing a person to pieces, but now it grew steadily with the end game in sight.

“If you were in Garret Jacob Hobbs’ frame of mind when you killed her, they may never find her body,” he said.

“Because I honored every part of her?” Will asked grimly.

“It would make sense.” He tilted his head, unable to resist his next words. “Perhaps you didn’t come here looking for a killer. Perhaps you came here to find yourself. You killed a man in this very room.”

Will inhaled and exhaled, staring into space.

“I stared at Hobbs and the space opposite me assumed the shape of a man filled with dark and swarming flies. And then I scattered them.”

Hannibal stared at him, enthralled by his language. He stepped closer and breathed in. The scent of fever itself was more curious than attractive, but Will was underneath it. It was a scent that he would miss having in his office when Will was locked away.

“At a time when other men see and fear their isolation, yours has become understandable to you. You are alone because you are unique. Rejected by omegas like Alana who fear your instability, unable to reconcile what they see in you with their own needs.”

He was *valuable* because he was unique. Alana had been wise to flee from him because he would never be the alpha she wanted him to be. But Will was another beast entirely—one suited for an omega like Hannibal, who would not reject an alpha because of their instability, but because of their weakness.

“I’m as alone as you are,” Will murmured, and turned his head slightly toward Hannibal, over his shoulder. “And you never feared my instability.”

There was danger, here—instinct told him that clearly, that Will was verging on certain revelations, that he should back away. But he was too hungry to have Will *see*. And in his hunger, he was stepping boldly.

“I am not so weak as to cower from a beast with teeth.” He wet his lips, eyes intent upon the set of Will’s shoulders. “If you followed the urges you kept down for so long, cultivated them as the inspirations they are, you’d become someone other than yourself.”

His words were eager, but his scent betrayed even more thoroughly that he was no longer neutral and concerned, but his adrenaline was rising higher and higher. He heard Will sniff

the air, and for a moment there was ringing silence with their bated breath.

“I know who I am,” Will said, as he had said so many times, both in honesty and denial. He turned slowly to face Hannibal. “I’m… not so sure I know who you are, anymore. But I am certain one of us killed Abigail.”

He raised a gun and pointed it directly at Hannibal. His hand was shaking, but his eyes were steady and angry. Hannibal absorbed this sudden show of aggression with a thrill shooting through him.

“Are you a killer, Will? You, right now. This man in front of me. Is this who you really are?”

Will’s lip raised in a half-snarl, and Hannibal’s heart leapt.

“You called here that morning,” Will said. His voice was taut, close to breaking. “Abigail knew. You kept her secrets until she found out some of yours.”

“You’re very protective of her, as if you were her own father. Driven to great lengths for fear of what became of her, yet uncertain if your paternal instinct went so far as to do what her father could not.”

“You *encouraged* that paternal instinct,” Will growled. “Maybe you knew the risk. Maybe you were just curious what I would do.”

He didn’t lower the gun even an inch. His teeth were bared, and even in the low light, Hannibal saw the points of his canines—sharp enough to break skin, as nature designed them, to bite and scar an omega’s neck, to bond and possess. He suddenly envisioned how those teeth would feel sinking into his neck, and it sent a pleasant thrill through him, but he had to focus on the present.

“You said it felt good to kill her father. Would it feel good to kill me now?”

“I don’t know. Garrett Jacob Hobbs was a killer. Are you a killer, Dr. Lecter?”

“You still haven’t answered me asking if you are a killer.”

“I’ve killed. Not sure if that makes me a killer or not.” He tilted his head. “You killed, too. Tobias Budge. Caved his skull in.”

“In self-defense.”

“Was it?” He took a faltering step closer. “How did you feel when you thought I was dead?”

Hannibal didn’t have to reflect on that—he remembered clearly how his stomach had twisted and sunk, the rise of panic he tried hard to repress. “I was… distressed. But Tobias didn’t give me long to contemplate before he attacked me.”

“Distressed doesn’t sound much like you, Doctor.”

“I’m not immune to it.”

His body felt strange now. His heart rate elevated and his skin too warm—like a mirror of Will's encephalitis-born sweating and shaking. He raised a hand to touch his forehead, feeling for fever, but the sudden motion made Will hiss and jerk his gun at him, and the next thing Hannibal knew, the barrel was against his forehead, pushing him back into the kitchen wall.

He took an unsteady breath, his eyes fixed on Will's. His body shuddered and he tried and failed to speak. His head was pressed back against the wall and his throat was exposed, it was too vulnerable, he should get himself free, but—

But instead he made an unmistakably omega whimper and closed his eyes in shame.

The gun pressed harder into his forehead. "What the hell was that?" Will growled. His free hand went to grasp Hannibal's shirt collar in an equally threatening gesture.

"I—" He swallowed and frowned. Words were difficult to summon. Doing anything but staying here with his throat exposed to the furious alpha felt difficult. "I just—"

He couldn't think. Will's scent was so strong, even distorted as it was by sweet fever. It suffocated his senses, beat *alpha, alpha, alpha* into his mind like a drum.

His stomach clenched. He became hyperaware of the warmth and tingling as blood rushed through his genitals, then an involuntary flutter of his hole released a trickle of moisture. He knew these sensations and this clouded headspace. He knew it, but he could hardly believe it. Not so suddenly, not at his age.

"I'm going into heat," he said, his brow furrowed.

"Bullshit. You're trying to distract me."

"If I were bluffing, I wouldn't be able to maintain the bluff for long. I assure you, I—" He felt a cramp in his gut, an absence, a burgeoning desire to fill it. "I'm as surprised as you are, but it's true. I'm sure you'll be able to smell it soon enough."

"And if that's true? What does that say about you, Dr. Lecter? What kind of omega goes into heat with a gun pointed at them while discussing murder?"

"I'm sure the psychoanalysis would be fascinating, but I'm in no state of mind to conduct it now."

"Try. Why go into heat now?"

"I… I suspect a hormonal surge responding to your aggression. Your display of dominance."

"Your body's decided I'm the alpha it wants to appeal to? Trying to tempt me to be its mate?"

"Evidently." His voice was breathless.

Will moved the gun from his forehead to his cheek and pressed until Hannibal's face was turned against the wall, leaving the side of his neck exposed. Hannibal shivered, warring with

urges to defend or submit.

Will's nose pressed against his neck, inhaling, and Hannibal made a pathetic noise.

Will pulled away too soon, his nose wrinkled. "All I can smell is cologne."

Hannibal was usually quite satisfied with the efficacy of his cologne in obscuring his scent to avoid excessive attention from alphas, but it was now the bane of his existence.

He didn't think as his hands rushed to loosen his belt and drop his pants, but he knew it had the right effect when he saw Will's flaring nostrils and his eyes briefly gone blank from surprise.

Will pulled back just enough to look down between them. "Presumptuous of you," he said in an acrid tone.

"I wouldn't presume anything of you," Hannibal said. In all honesty, he didn't know how this would go. Alphas would sometimes be sent into a rut by an omega in heat, and they were usually receptive to the scent of one even if they weren't, but with the encephalitis, he wasn't sure Will was in good enough physical condition to respond that way.

"You are. You're presuming I'll be interested and won't shoot you now and leave you like that."

"Merely hoping."

His hope increased when he saw Will continuing to sniff, his anger wavering. He would not lower himself to plead, but part of him wanted to.

Will used the gun to lift Hannibal's shirttails and look beneath, then to nudge his dick with detached curiosity. Hannibal inhaled sharply at the touch of cold metal. Will met his eyes.

"You don't want this from me," Will said gruffly.

"I do."

"No. You've been playing games with me. You have an end game here, and it's not mating with me."

Hannibal wanted to lie again and deny it. Instead, the words slipped out: "I may have miscalculated."

Will smiled at that, grim and vicious. "You'll regret that."

The gun rose back up and brushed over Hannibal's neck, a cold caress of the scent gland by his ear.

"If you really want this," Will said, "show me. Get on your knees and prove it."

Hannibal could hear his heart hammering in his ears. His knees weakened and collapsed before he could think of refusing. He automatically leaned forward, into Will's groin, seeking his alpha scent, but Will grabbed his hair and yanked him back.

"No," Will said. He put the gun against Hannibal's lips. "If you like my gun so much, suck on it."

Shocked by the command, Hannibal's jaw slackened. Will didn't hesitate to take the opening and push the gun into his mouth.

The taste was horrible. It was an awkward fit. Will glared down at him like he was still contemplating pulling the trigger. But Hannibal *wanted*. He wanted, and he began to lick around the weapon, taking it deeper, slurping around it. He kept his eyes fixed on Will's and put all of his desire into his motions, pretending that instead of a cold barrel it was Will's warm cock getting harder, getting ready to split him open. He felt himself getting slicker in response, stomach clenching. His eyes fell shut and he failed to swallow back a moan. He flushed—this was degrading, he had no business responding this way, couldn't bear the thought of himself slobbering whorishly over the weapon Will intended to shoot him with.

Apparently Will couldn't either, because he kicked Hannibal back. But when Hannibal looked up, it wasn't exactly disgust he saw in his eyes.

Will used the spit-soaked gun to gesture at the kitchen counter. "Bend over there."

Hannibal got to his feet, tried and failed to kick his pants off without removing his shoes, and shuffled over to the counter still hobbled by them, a thin trickle of slick slipping down his thigh. He leaned over the counter, resting on his elbows, and said, "Does this give you a sense of power as well, Will? Are you hoping you can substitute the thrill of murder with the thrill of dominance?"

Will came behind him and shoved his shoulders down until they met the counter, and Hannibal's mind began to buzz hollowly. "If this is giving me a sense of power, what are you getting from it, Dr. Lecter?"

Hannibal would have attempted to answer if not for the fact that Will's next action was to stroke a hand over his rear and part his flesh to reveal his dripping hole, and the only thing he could think to do was arch his back and present. Will gripped him even harder, until he felt it might bruise.

His ears were honed for the sound of a belt, a zipper, but it didn't come. Instead he felt something much harder and less welcome press against his hole.

"Take it," Will said, voice as hard and unyielding as his weapon. "If you want me, take it."

Hannibal couldn't even protest. He didn't know whether he pushed back or Will pushed forward, but he felt the barrel of the gun slide inside him and he groaned. It wasn't much of a relief—his body knew it was wrong, the wrong shape and feel—but it was something.

"Will—"

"*Take it*." The growl in his voice was so distinctly alpha that it made Hannibal shiver, and his resistance melted away.

Will pushed it in and out, but before long Hannibal was rising to meet it with increasing desperation. It was far too short to stimulate him anywhere useful—instead it was a tease, a torture.

He groaned and squirmed, but Will's hand pushed down on his back and pinned him in place. He whined and Will growled and shoved hard, trigger guard butting against his entrance.

"It's not enough," Hannibal said, panting. "I need—"

"I know what you need. You're not getting it until you come from this."

Hannibal snarled. The frustration was enough to buoy him against his urge to submit, and he struggled to push up against the hand on his back, to stand and take what he needed for himself.

"No," Will said sharply, pulling out the gun and pressing it instead against the back of Hannibal's head. The safety clicked off and Hannibal froze.

"You forget," Will said. "I know you're a murderer now. You practically admitted as much. The only reason I haven't shot you yet is because you're cooperating. If you try anything, I won't be as merciful. Now go on."

Hannibal eased back down, chest to the counter. The gun went back inside him and—had Will put the safety back on? He didn't remember hearing the click.

He shivered. It suggested a callous disregard for the possibility of accidentally killing or maiming him.

"Would it please you if things ended this way?" he asked Will. "If it were an accident, I'm sure the satisfaction would not be the same."

"Maybe I don't care."

The gun slid out just far enough to tease around his slippery rim. Hannibal's back arched, trying to push into it, exhaling hard from frustration.

"You care enough to torment me, when you could simply have me. Most alphas would take that approach and consider murder after the fact."

The gun pushed into him too slow and shallow to do him much good. He wet his lips and added, "Knotting an omega is supposed to make alphas feel powerful, as well."

Will laughed—a hoarse imitation of a laugh, anyway. "That's a weak ploy. I told you what you need to do to get that."

Hannibal could have cursed, but instead he focused on shifting, clenching, any approach that might give him a more favorable chance of orgasm with the gun. He gave a soft enticing

whine, even knowing the picture he presented bent over the counter and writhing; he felt dignity and control slipping out of his fingers.

Will had admirable restraint in resisting thus far, but the hand pinning him down slid down his spine and groped the flesh of his ass.

Hannibal moaned and pushed back harder than he should have. Will hissed in warning.

“I’ll come faster if you touch me,” Hannibal said, a plea in his breathless voice.

He meant his genitals, but Will didn’t go for that. He leaned over Hannibal, his breath just as heavy. “I’m getting impatient, *omega*.” There was both irony and vitriol in the word; it made Hannibal flash hot and cold. Will’s hand landed on the nape of his neck, his fingertips seeking out the sensitive glands along the side and digging hard into them, a pale but evocative imitation of a mating bite. “If you’re going to come, do it now. Or else I’ll blow a hole clean through you. And yes, I can promise you now it will feel good when I do.”

Hannibal’s gut felt hot and roiling at the words. His fingernails scraped uselessly at the counter, his hole clenched tight, and with a groan and sporadically twitching limbs he came.

Will turned Hannibal around and reached down, finding a small dribble that came from his cock.

“Pathetic,” he said, but his eyes were alight and his snarl looked like an alpha about to topple into rut. He started pulling at Hannibal’s clothes, setting the gun on the counter so he could more efficiently strip him down, although the number of buttons on his shirt must have seemed like too much fuss, because he left that on as he pushed Hannibal into the middle of the room. He gave only one word in command: “*Down*.”

His single-word responses also suggested he was descending into rut. Hannibal didn’t hesitate to get down on his hands and knees, and Will was on him in an instant. He didn’t give Hannibal any time to adjust, simply held the omega’s hips steady and sheathed himself to the hilt with one long, unrelenting push. Hannibal moaned in relief. It was almost too much, but it was exactly what he needed.

“Will,” he said—part plea, part helpless delirium.

He tried to look over his shoulder, but Will shoved him down until his chest and face fell against the floor. At least the floor was cool, a stark contrast to his overheated body.

Will fucked him like he was furious, which he surely was. He had no regard for Hannibal’s knees scraping on the floor, his back aching from the sharp curve it was forced into—or perhaps he wasn’t even aware of these discomforts, because Hannibal could smell the heady musk of rut now, and his ability to think through such niceties would be compromised.

The scent and sensation were overwhelming, they made him dizzy and glad he was here already partially collapsed on the floor. He had no control over the breathless sounds that came from him every time Will thrust deep inside him, even though he knew he must sound a pathetic wreck.

Then Will bent over him, chest flush against his back, and put the barrel of his gun right in Hannibal's open mouth.

"Quiet," he hissed.

Hannibal choked around the intrusion and tried to silence himself unsuccessfully, and Will just pushed deeper and deeper until he was struggling to accommodate it at this angle, his body already twisted out of shape.

He tried to pull away from it, but rearing back only made him collide with Will, who tucked his face into Hannibal's neck and growled.

Hannibal stopped his struggling immediately. He shuddered. With Will's breath against his neck, his instincts told him to yield to this alpha, or more, to tuck his chin and bare his nape and beg for his bite. But he couldn't let that happen. He had pushed this game too far for them to bond now.

Unfortunately, he couldn't protest with a gun in his mouth, and he didn't think Will would hesitate to pull the trigger if he fought back. Alphas wouldn't normally go so far, since killing the omega that they intended to mate with was counterproductive, but this situation was far from normal.

At least it saved him the dilemma of needing to choose resistance when he truly did not want to resist beyond getting the gun out of his mouth. Every powerful stroke inside him felt unbearably good. It had been a long time since he last had an alpha see him through a heat, and it had never been like this—feral and desperate and violent. He had never been with an alpha who had actually made him feel like there was another predator in the room, and maybe that's why he had never responded in quite this way.

The force of Will's thrusts bordered on painful, but it was welcome. His thighs strained as he tried to open his legs wider, inviting Will as deep inside as he could go, and Will took the invitation, straightening back up for a better angle. His next thrust made Hannibal moan hoarsely and clench up twice as hard as his body tried to draw out Will's knot.

Will cursed and fell still for a moment, clearly feeling it, before resuming and determinedly pushing through the tightness. And it was working—Hannibal could hear him panting and felt an extra stretch that made him hazy with need.

But then he heard the squeak of door hinges, and it shocked him out of his stupor. Will must have heard it too, because his fingers suddenly dug in harder to Hannibal's hips and he sped his thrusts like he was racing to a finish line, wanting to knot Hannibal before anyone could interrupt. The onslaught was overwhelming, and Hannibal keened helplessly.

He heard Jack Crawford's voice, which boded poorly. As an alpha, he was one of the worst people who could possibly interrupt them right now. Will let out a very dangerous growl and pulled the gun out of Hannibal's mouth. Before Hannibal could worry about the turn this could take, Will's knot popped inside him, and immediately after, Will yanked him up by his hair and bit his neck until he broke skin. Hannibal came again with a low, wrecked groan.

That’s how Jack found them—Hannibal splayed out and knotted on the kitchen floor, Will on top of him with his teeth in his neck and a gun in his hand, growling and clenching his jaw as soon as the other alpha appeared.

Hannibal couldn’t raise his head to see, but he heard Jack’s footsteps quickly retreating and a call for backup, betas only, which was the smartest thing he could have done under the circumstances. It didn’t save Hannibal the humiliation of being caught in this position, but it gave him a few more moments to process what had happened, blood still trickling down his neck from a worryingly deep mating bite.

He had definitely miscalculated.

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